

Callipygous (Lowlights)

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Summary: Callipygous- Having beautifully proportioned buttocks. Kakashi's not sure when he started staring at a nineteen year old's ass, but he also isn't exactly ashamed of it, either.

Callipygous (Lowlights)

Okay hiiii. This is a part of a new series I've started writing. I am a HUGE Kanye West fan (I know a lot of people aren't, but bear with me). Life of Pablo has inspired me in MANY diff ways, and rn I'm using the creative outlet to produce fanfic! Lmao. Not all of these will be related to each other, however, they will probably be Sakura-centric. The pairings will change, and the timelines/universes might not all be the same. I'll obviously post what universe it is to clear things up. This series is The Life of Pablo series but also the beautiful words series! The title will be a beautiful / obscure word, with the title of the song that inspired me.

So, the song that this fic is sort of modeled after, is Lowlights. This song on the album is so of a prelude into the song Highlights, which will be the second installment of this particular pairing, which is a Kakasaku. Lowlights is a sermon about how much God has changed the subjects life _however! _it also has overtones of sexuality, and a low sort of feeling to it. Because of that, an Idea! went off in my head. Lowlights is about being low in your life, and something (God in the song, but objective to listener) lifting you up. Although I could've made this fic a lot more serious, because the song is p heavy, I wanted to make it sorta cracky instead. This song is a RELIGIOUS song, this is NOT a religious fic. I'm sorry if u all find my interpretation strange, but when I listened to this song, and thought about a fic, this idea popped into my head.

I DO NOT OWN Kanye West, nor do I own any parts of Life of Pablo. I also don't own Naruto, or any of the characters, but I do own the

head cannon that Sakura would be thick in the hips w a juicy booty

So without further ado, here is Callipygous / Lowlights

* * *

><p>You want me to give you a testimony, about my life.

Kakashi was almost certain that Sakura wasn't wearing her medic skirt for a specific reason, and he was pretty positive it was to send him into an early grave. Her tight, tight, _tight _shorts were highlighting one of her greatest features, but Kakashi didn't feel much like it was a highlight. In fact, he felt that this training session was sort of a giant mess, and he was right in the center of the giant mess. Sakura had shown up with no skirt and then, with the confidence of an incredibly attractive young woman, kicked the shit out of Sai, and then him, and then finally Naruto, who spluttered that she'd cheated by not wearing her skirt. Then, she'd kicked the shit out of Sasuke for agreeing with him, called them all perverts and then went off to the side to practice _yoga._

Naruto hadn't even bothered to pretend to pay attention, but now even _Yamato _was watching her stretch. Kakashi grunted loudly and then men snapped their necks towards him, Sai out right glaring.

"Shut up, and enjoy the view senpai. This is a rare opportunity."

"None of you know how to be discreet, this is appalling." The words left Sasuke's mouth but he stared even harder it seemed.

"She's...she's got the nicest ass I've ever seen." Kakashi sighed out, slumping in on himself. Yamato rubbed his shoulder, making a sympathetic sort of noise.

"This is the lowest point of any of our lives. At attention you inbreds." Sasuke shoots him a dangerous glare for the comment, but they all more or less stand at attention.

"Pair off please, I think that Sai and Sasuke will be sufficient. You two bumbling idiots can't just kill each other every training session, you need to learn to better defend against long distance attacks. And, apparently, well proportioned behinds." He fixes Naruto with a glare, before striding across the open space to Sakura. There's _a lot _of loud protesting, but Kakashi, the ever brave man he is, presses on.

"Hello Sakura-chan!" She draws up slowly, and Kakashi's eye is unabashed as he stares at her.

"Jeez, Sensei, obvious much?" She's smiling though, twirling a strand of bubblegum pink hair around her fingers. If she could see his face, she would've seen the wane smile that held no warmth he shot at her, but instead she saw his lackluster eye crinkling, and got the gist.

"Spar, Sakura-chan?" It's not really a question, but it's also not a

direct order. She's been Tsunade's pupil for almost six years now, and her physical strength surpasses every person on her team. If she was as fast as Kakashi, he'd be dead meat by now, but she's not, even if it's just a few incremental seconds, she's still slower than him, and it keeps him from having his chest caved in daily.

_And how good he's been, to me. _

Since Sasuke had returned, she'd stopped pulling her punches as much in training, much to everyone's combined horror.

When she first sparred with Sasuke, she put him in the hospital for a week, and then when he'd gotten out, she'd challenged him to another fight.

Sasuke had paled and turned her down, only for her to kick him straight in the chest and sent him flying back through the doors of the hospital.

This, had all happened, rather unfortunately, because Sasuke had commented that she'd...filled out since he'd last seen her.

Even Sai, the resident social retard was not dumb enough to point out that Sakura's ass jiggled a lot more than it did a year ago. Of course, when she was training it was tight and firm from the clench of her muscles, but when she relaxed, it...it just wobbled _so much. _Kiba had gotten himself put into the same hospital for smacking it once when he walked by. The slap had been heard around the globe, or at least around Konoha and the following ripple throughout the meaty flesh had sprung multiple nose bleeds.

Sakura was surely aware of her derriere, the same way men all the way out in Iwa knew about her supple, rounded, jiggling, well toned, perfectly _rounded_...

Sakura had him pinned on his back before he even realized the spar had begun.

_I don't know what to tell you about him. _

Kakashi stared up at the sky, and wondered when his students had turned into such asshole, who held no respect for their elders. They were nice to Yamato, weren't they? But, then again, Kakashi had noticed Yamato had a weird sort of hold over Sakura and Naruto, and by default, Sasuke. Sai, well, Sai didn't really understand any sort of basic human interaction, despite Sakura's many attempts. He supposed he was sort of doomed, Sakura being an easily influenced young lady, whom, at the moment, was helping him to his feet.

"Alright, Sensei, lets try this again yeah? Stop starting so hard for a few moments and fight me. Surely, you've seen a rear end before."

She's launched at him mere seconds after the smart ass comment, and for an aching half hour they sparred, multiple rounds. Sakura won the first two rounds in five minutes flat, each, forcing Kakashi to reveal his Sharingan and fight in earnest. The next to fight drew out for ten minutes each, much to Kakashi's dismay.

Every kick she made, his eyes drifted to her ass. When she disappeared in a flume of cherry blossoms, instead of paying attention to her movements, he stared at her sinuous body twisting elegantly away.

Kakashi decided, then, that he was well and truly fucked.

However, later that week at the bar, when his 'closest friend', (discounting Gai, because was it was hard to tell if Gai was his friend, or a non-romantic soulmate occasionally), smacked Sakura's ass as she walked by, his carefully construed persona crumbled. Genma was pinned to the bar by his throat in seconds; but instead of the vicious, pink haired girl who'd just finished spinning around, it was her droopy eyed sensei.

"Never again." Kakashi was rubbing Genma's windpipe in a way that could've been considered sensual, but instead was crackling with killing intent. Sakura had gaped, and Kakashi had released him, stalking away.

That, Kakashi decided, was definitely the lowlight of his month.

I love him so much, because he's done so much for me

Sakura decided, apparently, that she was going to send Kakashi even further into hell than he'd already sunken at the next Team 7/ Team Kakashi meet up. She was wearing a civilian sundress, and Kakashi's mouth went so dry under his mask that his throat seized in the middle of his sentence. Her ass jiggled slightly underneath dress, the flowing material clinging indecently to the rounded cheeks. It was a pale yellow that made her look incredibly innocent, the thin straps looking like they would snap with little effort from him. Her breasts, which had always been on the smaller side, were _unrestrained _under the damn thing, and the glimpses of her creamy skin were driving him to despair.

If he could just get her alone, maybe he could kiss down her neck, before sucking all around her probably pink little nipples, eat at her most likely soft flesh, _grope her fat, jiggling ass. _

This, undoubtely, was the lowest point of his life.

He decided to ban picnics, and civilian wear, and also shorts without skirts over them, and possibly anything that showed off more skin than Sakura's nose, eyes, and broad forehead.

_you are the joy of my life _

End
file.